Mission News.

WITH ESPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE WORK OF THE AMERICAN BOARD IN JAPAN.

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General Notes.

Dec. 4, the beautiful new dormitory at the Dōshisha Girls' School was formally opened.

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Thanksgiving was duly observed by Americans in the various centers. At Kobe, there was a service, in which clergymen of various denominations took part, and which was attended by Hon. G. H. Scidmore, U.S. Consul.

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A short time ago, Miss Talcott invited twenty of her earliest pupils at what was the embryo of the present Kobe College, to her home, for an evening's reunion. Eleven came, representing thirty-five children and thirteen grandchildren.

After the Jubilee Conference, there was a meeting of various Christians interested in the *Fukuin Domei Kai* or Evangelical Alliance, which has been moribund for several years, and it was reorganized into a Federation of the Denominations, with the hope that more united, active, interdenominational work may be carried on. This is a return to the original status.

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The thirtieth anniversary of the Imabari Church, Rev. B. Tsuyumu, pastor, was held on *Niiname Sai* (new [rice]-tasting festival), Nov. 23, in connection with which the extensively repaired church-building was tested to its capacity. Revs. Messrs. Osada, Osaka, and Makino, Kyoto, assisted in the large preaching services on the nights of the 22nd, 23rd, 24th, as well as in other services.

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Froebel's monument bears the words: *Kommt lasst uns unsern Kindern lieben.* The history of twenty-three years of Christian kindergarten work in Japan, will show how the spirit of this sentiment has borne fruit in many lives and homes. Miss Howe and others may reasonably rejoice in the present results, the public recognition of this important line of work, and the powerful influence of nearly fifty Christian kindergarten.

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All present members of the Mission, who joined within the first decade, are reminded that each such individual—man *and* wife and others—is expected to con-

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tribute an article of seven hundred words or less, about some phase of missionary life and work within that decade, for the special Fortieth Anniversary Number, in February—to be in not later than Jan. 25. Photographs of that period are desired—to be returned about Feb. 20.

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The printed statistics of the *Hyogo Bukai*, for last six months, show ten churches, three chapels, 2,043 members (984 males), of whom 631 are absentees, 79 adult baptisms, an average attendance at morning services, of 561, evening, 314, prayer-meeting, 136, Sunday-school, 724. The total contributions were *yen* 4,849—running expenses, *yen* 4,031, repairs and miscellaneous, *yen* 518, missionary work, *yen* 298. There was an increase of 24 in membership, and of *yen* 1,034 in contributions. See MISSION NEWS, Vol. XII, No. 8.

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Twenty-two united with Tottori Church, Nov. 28, including several heads of families. About eighty participated in the communion. Some others have applied for baptism. The recent preaching services for three evenings, at the church, were attended by some one hundred and fifty each night. There were also meetings for students at the middle school, and theater meetings on two evenings, with two hundred people, on a rainy night, and four hundred and fifty, on a fair one. A large woman's meeting was attended by two hundred and fifty.

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Eight days, in mid-November, were devoted to special revival work by Ikuta Church. Mr. Nakata Jūji, of the *Seisho Gakko*, Tokyo, daily, at 2 p.m., held a *seibetsukai* (consecration meeting) for Christians, with an average attendance of about seventy. Each evening he had a *kyūreikai* (save-souls-meeting), packed to overflowing, as a result of advertising thru the neighborhood, by a small band of musicians parading thru the streets. Some, at each meeting, requested prayer, with about one hundred, in all, who manifested special interest. On Nov. 28, fourteen of these were baptized, on Dec. 12, four more, and others have asked for baptism. Dec. 6 and 7, Rev. Messrs. Miyagawa and Makino preached at this church.

Personalia.

Mr. Walter Cary is studying medicine at Western Reserve College.

Miss Florence M. Holbrook is at *40* S. 8th Av., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Mr. Geo. Emerson Cary is a member of Andover Theological Seminary.

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Otis Cary, arrived at Yokohama, Nov. 20, by the *Nippon Maru*.

Mrs. Jas. Whitelaw (Miss Benedict) has largely recovered from effects of her severe illness in the autumn of 1908.

Miss Harriet Frances Parmelee sailed from Kobe, by the *Tenyo Maru*, Nov. 27, for Honolulu, where she expects to spend the winter.

Mr. Clark spent about twenty days, Nov. 17 to Dec. 6, touring in the Obi field, Fukushima, Miyakonojo, etc., giving lantern lectures.

Mrs. J. R. Ball (Miss Goodman) is again at Evanston, Ill. (811 University Place), where Mr. Ball is studying in Northwestern University.

A Japanese woman worker, in the Shikoku field, after returning from one of Miss Wainwright's meetings, said: "She made us feel as if we were near to God."

Miss Lucy Ella Case is a bird of rapid passage; recently, notices of changes of address, seem to be coming about every mail. The latest is: 928 So. Hope St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Miss Delia D. Leavens, on the way to her new field of labor, in our North China Mission, spent some days in Japan, visiting her Smith College mates at Kyoto and Kobe. She sailed from Kobe, Nov. 29, by the *Siberia*.

Hon. Roger S. Greene, U.S. Consul at Harbin, was deputed by the Dept. of State, to accompany the Japanese business men thru the United States. He left them at St. Louis, and reached

Yokohama, by the *Empress of Japan*, Dec. 2. He left for Harbin the 6th.

Miss Julia Wilson, who came to Japan, in 1877, with Miss Parmelee, and was a member of our Mission, at Kyoto and Okayama, from Oct. 3, 1877 till Je 20, 1880, resides at 47 Second Av., New Brighton, Thompsonville, Staten Island, N. Y.

Mr. G. S. Phelps, Y. M. C. A. Secretary for Kyoto, we are sorry to record, finds his health too poor to admit of his return to Japan, for some months to come. Meanwhile the new Y. M. C. A. building at Kyoto, is approaching completion.

Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Wilber arrived at Kobe the latter part of Nov. He came to assume the duties of U.S. consul here, in succession to Mr. Geo. H. Scidmore, who has gone as U.S. Consul General, to Seoul, Korea. The Wilbers are earnest Methodists from Brooklyn.

Miss Alice Pettee Adams reached Yokohama, by the *Manchuria*, Dec. 10. She modestly and naively disclaims knowledge of how to raise money, but the report from America, some months ago, that she was "cutting lots of ice" proves true. She raised $2,900 from Japanese residents in the U.S., besides over $500 from the natives.

Dudley Hale Ufford died at Dorchester, Mass., Oct. 5, aged seventeen. He was the son of Chas. A. and Marcia Bliss Ufford, and was named Dudley for our late Miss Julia Eliz. Dudley. Miss Marcia Fessenden Bliss was a member of our Mission, at Kobe, from Nov. 7, 1886 till Je 4, 1887, when she was compelled to return because of ill-health.

Bunsaku Miyauchi.

On October 7 there died, at his home in Maebashi, Bunsaku Miyauchi, founder of the Maebashi Orphan Asylum, who was familiarly known to his friends, in the province of Jōshū, as the *Sumiyoshiya no ojiisan* (old gentleman of the Sumiyoshi-hotel). His father was a man of considerable property, and was employed by the *daimyo* of Maebashi to buy rice and look after many matters of business. Mr. Miyauchi was the only son and youngest child, and was consequently much petted and loved. His father was very easy going in his family government, but the mother was a person of much strength of character, and in order to acquaint her son with real life and make a useful man of him, she sent him, at the age of eleven, to a neighboring town to be the apprentice of an apothecary. At nineteen his father died and he became the head of the house. During his later years the father had drunk a good deal and led a rather dissipated life. He had paid little attention to business, and the consequence was that much of his property had been lost. At this juncture, Mr. Miyauchi, in order to help the family fortunes began to make *tōfu*, a kind of bean curd, used everywhere in Japan, and peddled it on the streets. As this was a business of those low in social rank, the townspeople greatly admired the young man's pluck. He worked at this three years and then engaged in selling silk thread and cocoons, which he carried around on his back. In this way he gradually restored the family fortunes, and, at the time of the restoration, he was engaged in selling eggs for the silk culture. He had gone on a trip to another province, and, in the commotion that arose all over the land at that time, he lost all his stock in trade, met with many misfortunes, and barely reached home with his life. After this he began to make *manju*, a small cake, very commonly used in Japan. This had a peculiar shape, and took the name of the street where Mr. Miyauchi lived. It is still manufactured there by other parties, but is known as the *Sumiyoshiya manju*.

In 1870, Mr. Miyauchi built the first pontoon bridge over the Tone river. He had often been compelled to wait two hours or more, for the small, irregular boats that took passengers, and greatly felt the need of a bridge. He

then engaged in banking business, using money entrusted to him by the *samurai*, who had received grants from the Shogunate, at the time of the termination of the feudal government. But this was unsuccessful, involved him in much trouble and resulted in the loss of much of the family property. Later, at an anniversary of his father's death, he assembled his friends, and others, and burned all the notes of those who were his debtors at this time.

In 1877, he opened the hotel which his grandson still carries on, and the family fortunes were greatly revived. In 1884, the hotel and a considerable section of the city were burnt. The fire was thought to have arisen on the Miyauchi premises, and, altho later it was proved to have originated in a dye house, Mr. Miyauchi was much troubled at being suspected in this way. He became very angry, and carried around a weapon, with the purpose of killing those who accused him. About this time, Mr. Fueki, a relative of his, came to condole with him about the fire. This man was a Christian, and brought with him the Bible and a tract called *Sankoryo*, written by Mr. Kanamori. It seems very likely that this man learned something of Mr. Miyauchi's state of mind, for he read to him Romans 12, and especially dwelt on the duty of forgiving our enemies. The result was that he became an inquirer, and, a year or two later, was baptized by Mr. Ebina, who was then working in Jōshū.

In 1891, a citizen of Utsunomiya, who was returning from the scene of the Gifu earthquake, stopped at the hotel. As he was leaving the next morning, he told Mr. Miyauchi of the desolations wrought in Gifu, and how he had met a little boy wandering about, inquiring where his parents were. When he was told that they had probably gone to *Meido* (Hades), he did not understand and wanted to go there too. This tale, told so sympathetically by the traveller, whose name is now forgotten, touched the old man's heart deeply and he wanted to start right off to Gifu, to help the little boy and others like him. He consulted an intimate friend, who suggested there were many fatherless children in Jōshū and would it not be wiser to work for them? The result was that the next year, these two friends, with Mr. Kaneko, began the Maebashi Orphan Asylum.

In his later years, the old man turned his attention to some aged men and women whom he knew, and started a kind of Old People's Home for them; and this work is still carried on.

The old man died of cancer in the stomach, but many days, during his last sickness, when he felt a little better, he left his bed and began to work for the Asylum and the Old People's Home. His sick room was a wonderfully sunny place. He told of his peace and joy to the many who came to visit him, and urged on them the religion of Christ. These visitors were from many classes of society, and his sick room became a kind of preaching place. When the writer visited him, a few days before his death, he grasped her hand warmly, and told how happy he was. He had just been writing some poetry which he recited:

Itatsuki no nayami wasurete hitogoto ni Kami no megumi wo kataru ureshisa.

The meaning of this is: Forgetting the pain of sickness, my joy is to tell others of God's goodness. At this time, Mr. Fueki who, as said before, first influenced him in favor of Christianity, was visiting him and talking over old times. On departing, the writer said: "I shall see you again, up yonder." "Yes," said he, "and I will guide you around the city, when you come." On the day of his death, he called his wife and household together, and said: *Kyo o itoma da*—To-day, I shall take my leave of you. They prayed together, and he asked that God would take his spirit. In a short time, he died.

The funeral was attended by Mr.

Ebina, who had baptized him. It was large and representative, and letters and telegrams of condolence were received from all over the empire. The governor sent a message, an unusual honor.

Later, a memorial meeting was held, at the Orphanage, and some fifteen or sixteen men spoke, for about five minutes each, all bringing a little different tribute to the old man's memory. It was certainly one of the most beautiful meetings of the kind, that it has ever been the writer's privilege to attend.

Many have remarked on the change that Christianity wrought in the temper and life of the old man. He has left a monument behind him, in the Orphan Asylum, and in the young lives he has helped to save. He will be remembered long, in Jōshū.

(Miss) Fanny Ensworth Griswold.

Twentieth Anniversary of Glory Kindergarten and Training School.

The Praise Service.

On Monday morning, Nov. 22, at half past nine, began the series of meetings, which marked our twentieth mile stone. When the Kindergarten was built, before any session had been held, the women of Kobe Church, having raised the money for the building, gathered in the north room, and dedicated the work to God; it was fitting, then, that, as we began our celebration for these twenty years, we should again meet to thank our Father, who had so richly blessed us. That quiet hour of praise and prayer we shall not soon forget.

The Kindergarten Exercises.

At half past one in the afternoon, the quiet uplift of the morning gave place to a very gay and jubilant meeting with the children and their parents. The Kindergarten youngsters are always lovely, but never more so than that day, as they sang Thanksgiving songs, and played their games. The crown of joys to them was the wonderful story told by Mr. Kurashima, who came from Tokyo for the purpose. We gave the children each a copy of the illustrated history of our twenty years, and a certificate stamped with a lovely silver seal designed for the occasion; these, and a box of cakes, then good-byes were said.

Celebration for the Graduates from the Kindergarten.

By the time this part of the program was ended, we were ready to ascend to heaven on clouds, from pure delight. The graduates, many of them now young men and women, came, until we had no more seats for them; their parents came with them, and standing room only was the latter state of that meeting! Our presiding officer was Dr. Otsuka, graduated in our second class, in 1891. The Bible was read by young Mr. Yamamoto, of the class of 1896, and every class except that of 1892, was represented on the program by addresses, speeches, original poems, instrumental music, by a song, composed for the occasion, by Dr. Yuasa, and sung by girls from the last six classes, and by another story by Mr. Kurashima. Here the printed program was varied by the chairman, who requested the principal and head teacher to come forward. These bewildered ladies made their way to the front, to receive each a beautiful speech, a beautiful bouquet, and a rousing *banzai*, led by that fine young chairman. Copies of the history and certificates were handed by the principal, to each graduate present, and, as they came to receive them from her hands, it was a pleasure to look into the eyes of those former pupils, unseen for many years. A group photograph, greetings of friends of former years, and one of the most beautiful of life's days was ended.

Meeting for Graduates from the Training Class.

This audience was small, but fine.

Dr. Sidney Gulick gave an address on "The Greatness and Littleness of Man," which was highly appreciated by his audience, and sixteen of our twenty kindergartens were personally reported by the directors in charge, who had come from the Hokkaidō, on the north, to Miyazaki, in Kyushu, to be present at our celebration. It was worth twenty years of work to see that company of women, to hear them tell of their work, to have them with us to share in the joy of those days. At this gathering, as at the previous one, the leader took matters into her own hands, and introduced features which had not been planned. The addresses and poems made to the principal and head teacher, were most gracefully and beautifully given, and most gratefully received.

THE EVENING OF ADDRESSES.

Certain it is that when this kindergarten work was begun in the face of good humored toleration, to say nothing of wide spread indifference, and a fair share of dislike, it would have seemed a wild prophecy to say that, at this anniversary, Hon. Saburo Shimada, statesman, Hon. Soroku Ebara, noted patriot and educator, with a member of the Educational Department, would come from Tokyo to address the Glory Kindergarten and Training School, and that Kobe Church, seating hundreds, would be taxed to its utmost, with their audience. But all that came to pass. Dr. Davis, beloved by foreigners and Japanese alike, was one of the speakers, and Mrs. Grover, of Kyoto, came to help us with her songs. We were surprised at the honor done us, but we were jubilant, and we were thankful—thankful for that wonderful array of speakers, and thankful for the kindness of our Japanese friends, notably Mr. Muramatsu, for his service in effecting the change of place, from the kindergarten to the church, making possible that wonderful audience.

On the evening following the great meeting at the church, the students of the Training School surprised us by an invitation to an unexpected festivity, an evening among ourselves; at this time Miss Wakuyama announced four hundred *yen* raised by the Training School graduates, toward a fund for new buildings.

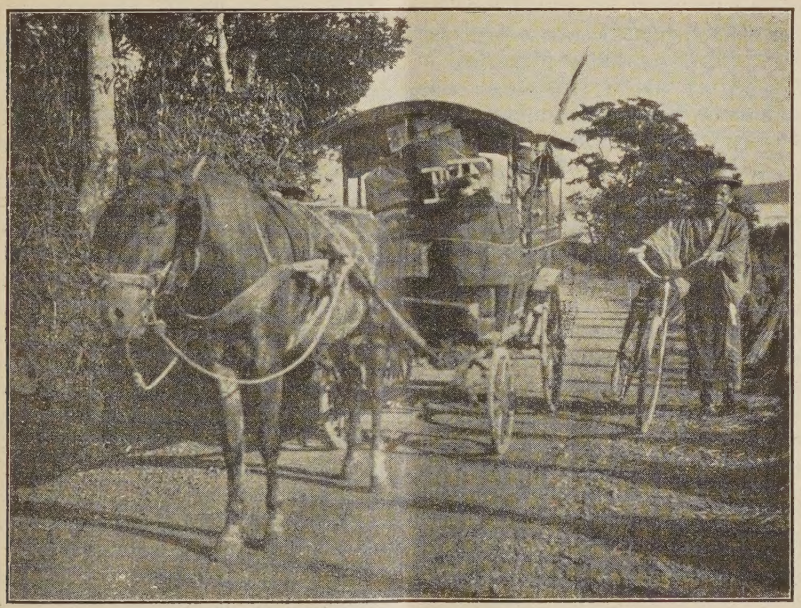
(MISS) ANNIE LYON HOWE.

A Bit of Hyuga.

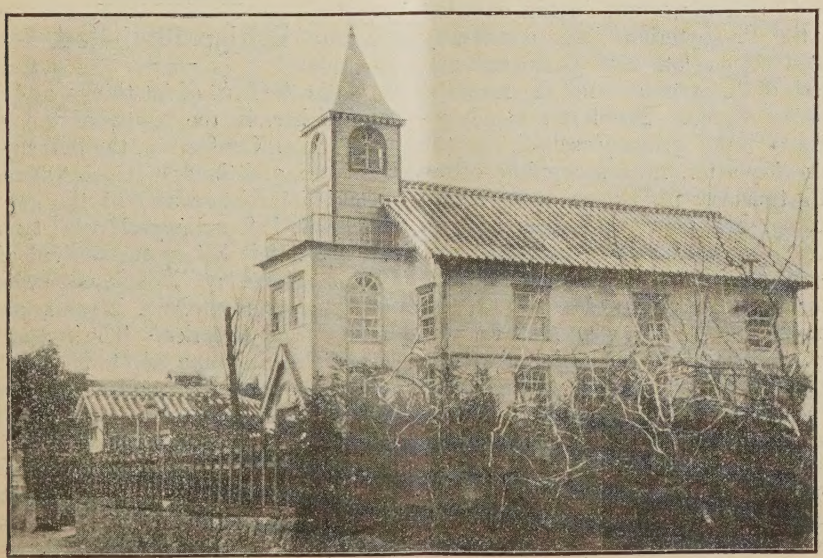
Two weeks in Hyuga, when you're on the go, are not long eno to make much of an impression on anyone there, but adequate for that great province and its interesting people to make a deep one on you. Steaming directly from Kobe thru the Inland Sea, to Hososhima, where there is a *Kumi-ai* church, you are forthwith introduced to *the* mode of travel in Hyuga. Tho not a mile of railway exists in all the province, it is well supplied with *basha* (stage) routes, over main roads generally excellent. The name Clark is known to Hyuga stage drivers, from his simple device, generally adopted, for holding up the curtains.

The picture represents us, on a bright, mid-October morning, traveling from Hososhima to Mimitsu (where there is *Kumi-ai* work), along the fine shore road, with a deep bay of the Pacific showing behind the bicyclist. The *basha* is the Hyuga standby for missionary touring.

Mr. Clark, however, at one time and another, walks many miles. Just here, *sotto voce*, let us say that he is building himself firmly into the moral and spiritual life of the province. In his own time and way, he goes about with a mellow smile, leaving beams of sunshine in the lives of many people. He doesn't work any—says he doesn't—he doesn't know how to work; he just does things—that is all, except that he has a way of keeping right on doing them. He is always ready for anything that helps some body, from breaking thru a crowd of onlookers and, unmindful of his pulpit suit, helping a poor teamster right his long log-rig, which the horse has upset in trying to turn a corner, to responding to



a sudden call for a talk to fifty wild children, who know hardly more of Christianity than of martian canals or inhabitants. On our early morning route to Kirishima, we kept meeting high school boys headed for Miyakonojo. It was surprising to see how many lifted their caps to Mr. Clark. He had dropped into their school, now and again, when in the city on evangelistic errand, and given them some much appreciated aid in English. In a *basha*, way over



in another province, we traveled with a teacher of mathematics, whose first question was, "Do you know Mr. Clark?" In Hyuga, of course, travelers either know him or know about him—everybody seemed proud to claim knowledge of him, of some sort. The people on whom we (together) called, showed plainly that he was a *persona grata.*

We come now to his favorite church. The building was dedicated at Miyakonojo, Apl 15, 1908. The city, a day's ride by *basha* from the mission station, Miyazaki, has fourteen thousand inhabitants, and is the largest city in Hyuga. The establishment of a military station there, with three hundred soldiers about to enter the new barracks then nearing completion, on a beautiful site within view of Mt. Kirishima, has already boomed the town. New buildings are going up and an air of expectation prevails.

We believe Rev. O. H. Gulick was first of our Mission to tour there, continuing, at intervals, for some years, and always giving enthusiastic reports of visits to this old castle-town. It has a special interest for some of us, because it was the home of Ikebukuro, the poet and missionary teacher. For long we were the only Christian workers in the city, but now the Presbyterians have a centrally located corner lot, with parsonage and church of fine exterior—not far from the *Kumi-ai* church. The latter stands opposite a large primary school, in the *samurai* quarter, near the public offices and better class residences. On Sunday morning, Mr. Clark preached, and, in the evening, we occupied the time. To be sure the pastor was absent and one can not judge much of conditions by spending one day in a place, but we were surprised at the mere handful of attendants. Temporary conditions, of which we heard, may account largely for non-attendance these months, and the situation may right itself after a little. However, among the men present, were several school teachers, an official, and other men of character. A recent graduate of the high school—son of a former mayor—is the enthusiastic superintendent of the Sunday-school, tho no one else seemed to take any interest in that work, for there were no classes; all the children were taught by the superintendent. And the discipline—well, even curtesy draws the line on the use of the term for that scene. Thirty restless, active girls and ten rougish, noisy boys answered questions as best they could, and all sang the hymns in concert, as if bent on waking the Seven Sleepers. We were asked to do a stunt—talk to those young hopefuls, but that was one too much for us, and Mr. Clark gave an impromptu lecture on *theology*, held his audience, and got some fine doctrines into their heads, or, rather, out of their mouths.

But whatever the outlook for this church now may be, the missionary has a lively faith in its prospects and full confidence that it was strategic action in securing a permanent home for the *Kumi-ai* work in this influential and rapidly growing city. The opening, Nov. 20, of the entire line of railway from Moji to Satsuma, probably will exert indirectly a favorable influence upon Miyakonojo.

ARTHUR WILLIS STANFORD.

Echigo Revisited.

After the feast of fat things, at Tokyo, in October, in the shape of the Semi-Centennial Conference, the Evangelical Alliance, and the annual meetings of the *Kumi-ai* ministers and of the *Kumi-ai* churches, I found myself with ten days on my hands before the arrival of the *Tenyo Maru*, at Yokohama, when I expected to meet Mrs. Newell, on her return from America. The invitation to spend this time in a trip to Echigo, came most unexpectedly, and, tho I would have preferred to take a good deal more time and make a more leisurely and thoro visit, after these nearly six years' absence, I could not well resist the temptation to go and see and do what I could, even in this very limited time, to

help on the evangelistic work of the great province.

Leaving Tokyo on the morning of the 20th, I spent that night and the following day in Kashiwazaki, the next day in Nagaoka, then a day and a half in Niigata, dividing the Sunday between that city and Shibata, and the following day between Kaji and Nakajo; returning thence for an evening meeting at Nagaoka, and one at Kashiwazaki, the following night; then back to Yokohama the 29th, where the *Tenyo* came in on schedule time, the next morning, and made glad the hearts of many.

It is easy enough to make the above anabasis-like record of the journey from point to point, but difficult to compress within proper bounds, the record of experiences and feelings that such a journey, under such circumstances, called forth.

The time of year was favorable for some of the most beautiful and characteristic scenery, the foliage on the mountain sides having just responded to the touch of Jack Frost, with a wealth and variety and richness of color that can only be found in northern climes, and these immense bouquets were crowned with the dazzling and startling whiteness of the new-fallen snow. The harvest fields were full of laborers, gathering the great rice-crop that has made this a record year, and the country roads were bounded, on either side, by high fences, made of innumerable rice sheaves, hung up for drying, on tiers of bamboo poles lashed to the trees by the wayside. Everywhere were evidences of thrift and industry and harvest-joy, and the broad Shinano River valley, dotted with its many villages, never looked to me more attractive and beautiful. The call of Echigo was strong upon me.

At Kashiwazaki I had a characteristic reception, on my first night of arrival, as I came in in a great storm that lashed up the sea and sent the flying foam from the breakers, clear over the railroad track, and against the car windows. The drenching rain continued thru the night and half the next day, making it quite impossible to stir from my hotel. One of the comforts of the situation was, however, the ability to call up some of the old friends and talk with them—by telephone. Telephones in Kashiwazaki! Shades of Shinran! Certainly "the world do move."

The situation at Kashiwazaki is not all that could be desired, but things are getting into shape, under the lead of the new evangelist, Mr. Watanabe; and when the church shall have moved out from their present cramped and secluded place of retirement, into the more spacious and accessible quarters that seem to be in prospect, there is no reason why they should not become an influential factor in the life of this growing town, and furnish a moral and spiritual light as brilliant, at least, as the physical light now furnished by the several great oil companies of the place.

At Nagaoka, the first view was rather disheartening. The little church, small and weak enough before, has, this last year, been torn in two by internal dissensions, and a new organization established under that always fetching title of *Dokuritsu Kyokwai* (Independent Church). O *Dokuritsu! Dokuritsu!* how many crimes are committed in thy name!

But in spite of the discouraging features of the situation, I thought I could see a gleam of hope. For the members of the new organization came in a body to our meeting, at the old church, the night I was there, and, after the service, remained to a social gathering, when we talked over the old and new problems till midnight, in a perfectly fair and amicable spirit.

Both parties were agreed upon the necessity of a Christian church in the community, self-supporting and independent. The break had come on the question of method of reaching the desired goal. Of those who accepted the general principle that "the way to resumption is to resume," there are several young men, natives of the town, and with prospects

of becoming householders within a comparatively few years. Here seems to me to be a most promising prospect for a true church in that community. If this little band can keep its faith pure, and its conduct and temper clean and sweet, it holds in its hands the key to the future situation of Christian life and activity in Nagaoka.

The northern end of the field, Shibata and Nakajo, seems to be preparing to take a step forward under the new leader, Mr. Kido. On the Sunday evening that I was in the former place, by a happy arrangement that I had been able to make, the previous day, on the train from Nagaoka, Mr. K. Ito, the temperance lecturer, was present at our meeting, and, together, we spoke to a good audience, gathered in that converted church. For it may not be known generally that Shibata has a converted church,—converted from its former position of city-gaol, to its present condition of house of worship.

Stopping on my way from Shibata to Nakajo, for a call upon my old friend, Prex Watanabe, of the *chu-gakko* (who always makes me think, by his personal appearance and spirit, that Saigo Takamori must have been something like this), he would not allow me to pass on till he had called the school together, in the assembly hall, and compelled me to stand and deliver.

Nakajo is a sort of Saints' Rest, occupying about the same position in conservatism and unchangableness, as in the geography of this evangelistic field,—the *ultima thule*. Here I saw the same people, sitting in the same places, in the same attitudes, and doing the same work, with the same twist of the wrist, as when last I was here. My landlady, a woman of fifty, assured me that she had never been outside the limits of the city,—and that there were plenty of other women there who were similarly enthusiastic globe-trotters. There are no telephones in Nakajo! Mr. Kido assured me that there was some life in the church, and I am glad to pass along this word to those who may be interested.

Niigata has been so often "swept with the besom of destruction" that one might expect to find it fairly clean by this time. In this, however, he will be disappointed, at present, for the city is far from clean. But, in imagination, one can see that, out of those terrible ashes and torn-up streets, a greater and better and cleaner city is sure to rise in the future. And one of the ornaments of the new city will be our new church building, whose foundations are now being laid, and within whose completed walls those most optimistic Niigata people are expecting to hold their Christmas services,—*this year*. May they not be too greatly disappointed!

The city has changed much, in general appearance; for, advantage has been taken of the great conflagration, to widen some streets, to lay out some entirely new ones, to fill up some old canals, and to make many changes that will be appreciated in the future. I felt like a stranger, as I tried to pick my way thru the city; but I felt on familiar ground, on Sunday morning, when I stood up in the dining room of our old house, and preached to the church people gathered there and in the adjoining parlor. For here Pastor Nukaga has gathered his flock during these, their homeless days, and they have grown in spite of their great adversity,—and, perhaps, to some extent, because of this mutual loss and struggle, that has drawn them together into closer sympathy.

Into these brief eight days of work in the field, were packed many beautiful experiences in the homes of old friends, with Bible reading and prayer and conversation, with much of laughter, and not a few of tears; and I came back with a heart full of love and sympathy for the old field, and hands full of cakes and candies that the good friends had loaded me down with, to the extent of about twenty pounds. And I longed to be back there once more, to bear some small part in that great work of winning Echigo to Christ, and to enjoy, to the full, those rich and splendid fellowships,—and those cakes. H. B. NEWELL.

A Mountain Climb in Hyuga.

Brother Stanford of Kobe, came to Hyuga, on a tour of inspection and evangelization, visited the most important parts of our field, and did us much good, besides the excitement and incitement caused by a glimpse of a foreigner in Hyuga. He is evidently of yagian (*yagi*, goat) rather than simian descent, judging by his propensity to get to the top of mountains and other high things.

Kirishima-yama is the tip-top of this province—a huge group of mountain peaks, with Takachiho's summit looming highest, at the east, and Karakuni, at the west, inviting upward the aspiring. I had been all around this big pile, often, during eighteen years' stay in Hyuga, but never on its tops; it needed only a suggestion to gain my decision to go up with Brother Stanford. We left Miyakonojo at 5 a.m., and reached Shonai an hour later. I had been there, the day before, to call on a Christian family, and had engaged two horses to take us to the temple-village, twelve miles up the mountain. At Shonai there is a large, new Buddhist temple, the unique product of an effort to combine, in one structure, Chinese, Japanese, and Western (which is what?) architecture. Worshiping this building would certainly not violate the second commandment. Our horses were soon ready, one of which proved to be a *jinrikisha*. To Brother Stanford fell the *jankempo* (lot) to ride in the *jinrikisha*, accompanied by a body-guard of cavalry consisting of the writer, sitting among the luggage, on a pack saddle, with feet dangling on the sides of the neck of the scrub-pony; a man lead it, pushing the vehicle on ascents and holding it back on descents. Before noon the twelve miles of so-called "road," up to

Mt. Takachiho, the Active Volcano in the Kirishima Range.

the temple, were behind us, and a clear afternoon was in prospect. Here the horse possibilities ended. Another hour was necessary for lunch and for conquering the pursuasions of the hotel people to wait till morning for the climb, and for triumphing over the guides' fear of the crater we would pass on the way up. But, at last, we succeeded, and, with a promise of *yen* 1.50 (75 cents) each, secured two professional guides to take us, and our baggage, five miles, to the top, and down again to the hot springs, eight miles from the top.

The temple is for the worship of Ninigi, god of the mountain; at first, it was built near the top, but was driven lower and lower, by successive destructions by fire from the crater. The immense cedar trees are the most interesting part of the temple compound.

Passing alongside the temple, a stretch of woods, then, forest, grass, as tall as we, and bare lava were traversed, in succession, in reaching the edge of the crater. As we approached the big pit, our guides besought us on bended knees, with weeping, as it were, to pass the crater on a run, as it was "awfully dangerous." It had exploded once, within the memory of these guides, and a foreigner or two, and some Japanese, had been injured, with one or two killed; the fear of this god-haunted or demon-haunted place, still remains. We loitered along the rim, however, as long as we cared to, regardless of their superstitious agony. By this time, dense clouds had covered the mountain; but, two or three times, the wind swept the crater clear, and, each time, we had good views, for a few minutes, of the whole inside. The roar of escaping gas was the chief sign of activity. The crater is on the side of the mountain. The highest point is 1,200 ft. still further up, 1,575 meters (5,167 ft.) above the sea. It was on this peak-*island*, in the *fog*-sea (*kiri shima*), as seen from above, that the god, Ninigi, alighted, when he descended to the earth—land of the gods, *Dai Nippon*. He brought his great spear with him, and left it sticking in the summit, where he alighted; it is there yet, a crudely cast, sound bar of bronze, three inches thick, two feet in the ground and four feet out, the top, a thick disk, six inches across, and two side-projections, eight inches further down. Only this metal part of the spear remains. Our guides worshiped before it; when we thoughtlessly handled it, and found it shakable, our guides warned us not to shake it, as that would cause bad weather. But, alas! we had already done so, and we were punished by getting no more views that day, and with a tremendous rain storm next day; while the cloud-frown of Ninigi remained two days longer, preventing further sight-seeing during that period. The descent of eight miles, to the hot springs, over a path of every possible variety of extreme badness, with only a clouded-in moon for light, on the last half of the way, was uniquely interesting as an endurance tester. When we reached the hot springs hotel at 8.30, after our day of thirty three miles, I thought I heard Brother Stanford remark that he was somewhat tired, and suffering from appetite; and I could more than half believe it. The rain poured down all next day. The bath tanks were the dryest, most comfortable places.

There are three separate streams of very hot water, that flow, side by side; one, of alum, one, of sulphur, and one, of iron and salt; there is a separate bath house for each kind, in the general compound; while there are three such establishments within a stone's throw of each other, with others not far away, in different parts of the mountain group. We talked and read and wrote and ate and soaked and slept the day away. The food, the quilts, the behavior of the guests and others were good. The price was one *yen* a day (fifty cents).

Brother Stanford felt that duties in Kobe necessitated his going home, next day, leaving me to see the rest of the

mountain alone. I waited two days for good weather, meanwhile seeing the interesting things nearby, *e.g.*, the other hot baths, the scenery below the clouds, the smoking sulphur bed and alum bed, side by side, on the mountain slope, near the baths. Friday was the lucky, cloudless day, and five o'clock in the morning found me started up the west mountain, Karakuni, whose top is five miles, or more, away. I had a guide, sixty-five years old, who had came to the hot springs, eight years ago, half dead with consumption, rheumatism and several other things, had recovered his health entirely, and stayed on as guide, slim, but seemingly made of steel, very honest, and watchful of my needs and desires. He said that he must return to his distant home soon, so as to be of some use to his children before he becomes seventy, when a man is apt to be in need of help rather than able to help. Two and a half miles of pretty steep climbing, mostly through forest, brought us to the edge of "Onami Ike," a clearly cut crater, a half mile across, three hundred feet deep to the surface of the beautiful, dark-blue lake, which filled probably a hundred feet more of its depth; its slightly-sloping, rugged sides were tree-lined from bottom to top, and gorgeous with every kind of antumn colors. Here we were above the widely extended forest which covers the mountain sides, and it was interesting to note the gradually increasing brilliancy of the foliage from the bottom upwards. Karakuni's summit is two and a half miles, or more, still further on, and is the highest point of this large group, 1,700 meters (5,577 ft.) high. Different from the eastern peak, it is a large, extinct crater, three-fourths of a mile across and five hundred, or more, feet deep. It contains no lake. The sides of the crater are almost perpendicular, tree-lined, and now brilliantly colored. Many mountain ash trees, with red leaves and berries, were seen. The day was fine and views were very satisfactory. Below, seemingly close at the base of the mountain, is the great Kagoshima bay, perhaps once a crater, with its last volcanic core, a large island (Sakurajima), culminating in a still smoking volcano. The wide plain, on all sides, is bounded by high mountains; while beyond these, the eastern and western seas, and Aso's smoking peak, near Kumamoto, are seen. Close by, appear the many summits and high valleys of this wide pile, among which are seven or eight lakes, in as many extinct craters.

In plain sight, also, from this top, is a large hill, smoking from all its sides, and covered from bottom to top, with what seem, from the top, to be parallel ditches. We pass this going down. The "ditches" are rounded ridges of earth, six feet wide, made to catch the sulphur from the smoke which pours out from countless holes and cracks, all over the hill's sides. The sulphur accumulates, an inch or two thick, and is removed, pure and clear, from a large part of the hill; there were great piles of the yellow stuff. What is mixed with earth, is distilled, by boiling in large vessels, the steam conducted thru condensing vessels, on whose sides the sulphur settles. There are about forty men at work. Here, too, is a "*sai no kawara*" once a sulphur bed, where the stones are piled up in countless small heaps, a place in Japanese mythology, to which little children have to go, at death, to be tormented by an old hag, and made to labor at piling up the stones, except when the kind *Jizō*—the patron god of children and parents, comes and drives her away, and comforts and plays with the little forlorns. There is a stone image of *Jizō* here. The whole place is suggestive of purgatory.

Our path downward takes us half around another large, beautiful crater-lake, not so deep down as some, "lake of the six *kwannon*"; then on, down, down, down, for ten miles, passing another popular hot spring, over the worst kind of mountain path, down, at

last, to Kakuto and civilization again, where we arrived at about 9 p.m. My guide said he intended to go back that night, to save me the extra fifty *sen* I had promised, if he had to stay all night. He was extremely sorry for me, but, *dō shitemo* (do his level best), he was too tired to undertake it. I did not grudge this very attentive, faithful, kind, companionable old guide, a diamond in the rough, his extra fifty *sen*, together with the little I added to it, which last unexpected reward seemed to take away a share of his weariness.

The day's tramp had been only about eighteen miles, but a good third of it had been straight, steep climbing, and the rest, almost equally tiring descent, over indescribable paths, a day of enough exercise to make a bed welcome, and remind me of a once broken ankle, very generous in postponing its painfulness till the tramp was over. *Matsuri* at Kakuto and Iino, made attempts at meetings in those places impracticable, and so, next day, I went on homeward, twelve miles, to Kobayashi, made some calls and had a good Bible class, in the evening. Next day was filled up with calling, and, in the evening, I had a *large* company of children, and, later, of adults, to talk to; also, the next day, was a good day of calling at Nojiri, ten miles further on, and there was an unusually large meeting, in the evening. Then on we went, the other twenty-five miles, to "home sweet home."

CYRUS A. CLARK.

Two Weeks in the Sanindo.

Taking the 7.30 a.m. train from Kyoto, Nov. 8, I found a large steamer waiting at Maizuru, at 3 p.m., and, with a smooth sea and a comfortable night, I reached Sakai at 6 p.m., and, then, four hours by train brought me to Tottori, on the most comfortable journey, to that city, I ever had.

A year or two more will see railroad connections which will make touring in the Tamba, Tango and Tottori fields, much easier. The railroad connecting Sonobe with Ayabe, is to be opened next year, and the line from Fukuchiyama, on the Hankaku line, to Wadayama, on the Bantan line, is to be finished in two years; also, the Sanyo and Sanin line, now in operation from west of Matsuye to Tottori, is to be pushed thru, along the west coast, to Maizuru, connecting with the Bantan line at Toyooka. The Bantan line is now running thru from Himeji to Kinosaki, on the west coast.

The weather was delightful, only two rainy days in two weeks. I went with Mr. Warren, over the whole field, spending seven nights in Tottori, two in Kurayoshi, one in Aoya, one in Hamazaka, one in Chiwara, and two in Yumura.

I spoke, in all, twenty times, including an address in a middle (high) school, one to the professors of the Tottori middle school, and two to students of that school. I found most earnest listeners everywhere. At the close of the third evening meeting, in Tottori, fifteen persons, including one professor in the normal school, signified their decision to earnestly study Christianity, with the object of finding, believing, and following the truth. In all, twenty-seven made this decision, and one young man, at Yumura, went farther, accepted Christ, and, as he was going into the country, twelve miles away, into a Buddhist home, he wished to be baptized. Accordingly, he was received into the Yumura church. In Tottori and Yumura, teachers in the middle schools, and in the normal school, are studying the Bible in weekly classes. The postmaster in Yumura, a former student of Dōshisha, is an earnest Christian, letting his light shine, and preaching, occasionally, when the pastor is away. Doctor Takasaki, at Chiwara, three miles from Yumura, is an earnest Christian, and has an interesting family history. He is the sixth, in succession, of the family, who have been physicians during one hundred and fifty years,

practicing in that village, and living in the same house. The family have been earnest Buddhists. His grandfather, who died at the age of eighty-eight, wrote the Chinese characters of one of the shorter Buddhist canonical books, on smooth pebbles, and, at his request, his body was placed in a large earthen jar, with these pebbles filled in around it, and thus buried. The present doctor is superintendent of the Yumura Sunday-school, and has a night school for the farmer boys and girls, during the winter, when twenty or thirty gather in his house, every evening; at the close, he has family prayers, reading and explaining the Bible and praying with them. It was a great privilege to spend the night in this home, and address about seventy people, who gathered to hear the Gospel.

It was also a privilege to be in Mr. Warren's home, to see what a center of light it is, where so many of the teachers and students, in the government schools, are being led into Christian faith.

In this field, sixty miles long, Mr. and Mrs. Warren are the only missionaries, altho the Misses Stowe are spending these months there, studying the language, while the Bennetts are at home, on furlo. There are only three Japanese evangelists for the whole field. Their number ought to be doubled at once.

The next week, after my visit, Mr. Miyagawa, Mr. Sawamura, and Mr. Shiraishi, of Otsu, were in Tottori, for six days of successive meetings. The writer hopes that he was at least a John the Baptist, preparing the way for a larger work and many decisions to follow Christ.

J. D. Davis.

Touring in Aizu.

The Aizu trip was began on Oct. 7, and occupied nineteen days. We had twenty-two regular meetings, besides two others, of which one was an impromtu one at a railway station-opening, where my helper skilfully gathered the country-crowd about him, while ostensibly telling stories to fifty or more children. Ten places were visited, three of which were new. Calls were made at thirty-eight houses, besides receiving many at our hotels. Thursday, arriving late, I had no meeting in Wakamatsu, but my helper went to the church, to join in the special prayer-meetings, held every night that week, to pray for the Semi-Centennial meeting in Tokyo. All next day was spent in calling, at thirteen different houses. Two of the ladies whom I saw that day, having been sick and lonely for some time, especially showed their appreciation of the visit. While on our round of calls, Mr. Mizuno, who has a pottery in Hongo, came to several houses, searching after us to say that he was glad to loan his house for our meeting and to have us stay over night. We accepted and promised to go there the next Monday, but, unfortunately, his house caught fire, next day, so we were obliged to change our plan. He told us later that he would be glad to have us next time we go. That Friday evening, after a short prayer-meeting, I had a chance for a talk to the church. It was interesting to see the same old faces as in years past. I was struck by the way all went obediently to work, on receiving word from the pastor, in Tokyo, that a larger sum, needed for his expenses, must be in his hands by a near date. Certain youths were to collect in certain districts. And the next day, when receiving and making many calls, an old lady apologized for her son, saying "he had to go to the church to carry our share of the collection." In one house a child showed us a note-book of drawings, made by his old grandmother, not unskilfully, tho she said she never had drawn till commanded to do so by the child, who wanted his ideas illustrated. That Saturday night's meeting was for students, but others also came, about sixty. On Sunday having been asked to occupy the pulpit, we did so, as well as spoke to the Sunday-school and visited wit

many, after each service. The services were well attended. We feel much at home there, and the children also know us. After a three *ri* ride, next day, Takata was reached, where we had been told they could not do with the two days we had planned to give them, but must have three, at least. There is no evangelist in this place. An evening meeting had been prepared for us, in a store, open to the street—the walls of which we lined with large pictures, selected to fit our talks, and with hymns written large, so as to be seen from a distance. Children, as well as grown ups, came to hear and a large number stayed to the end, while others listened for a short time, as they passed. The next night's meeting was held in the *kogisho*. Tho it is at the end of the town, many people came to hear. Mr. Sato alone faithfully keeps on the Sunday-school there, and arranges for our work when we go. Next night we went to a village called Nagaino, not a mile away. A great many men, women and children came. Those who could not get into the big room and nearby kitchen, filled the square yard, and there were more out, than inside. I was much struck with their quietness and attention. My helper sold four New Testaments. A hoped-for meeting, in another new village, could not be carried out, as they wished, for a horse-fair, in the larger town, where we stayed, drew off the people; so a seeker in this town, asked me to use a vacant shop in his house. We did so, but it was a cold and very rainy night, and not good for that kind of open house meeting; still quite many came. The head of a neighboring village (staying at our hotel) came, and, later, when we were having tea and cake in this seeker's fine-upstairs-room, asked us to stop at *his* village, on the way of our three *ri* ride to the following place, to speak to the school there; and he would return early and prepare. We agreed and went. We spoke there to more than five hundred children, two schools being gathered, besides teachers and village officials. After visiting Bange, Kitakata, Amaezawa, Muramatsu, and Shiokawa, we returned to Wakamatsu, where I spoke to the *fujinkai* (women's association) in the evening, and, next day, with a crowd to see me off, started by rail for Fukushima where we had promised to work over Sunday. But no description of this can come in now. An old lady over eighty years old, brot an original poem, written for me, by herself, and called out, as we steamed away: "I shall be waiting your coming next spring." Her daughter died last spring, one of those, who, for years, have welcomed, and sent us off, from that same station. Many interesting things that came out in our calls, must go untold. How interesting it was to see at the meeting, that last night, a newly ordained pastor of a southern island town, formerly one of the C. E. boys at Wakamatsu, now on a short visit home, and to notice the nice way he went around talking to the old ladies.

(Miss) Annie H. Bradshaw.

Seed Sowing in Shikoku.

Surely there can not be another people in the whole world more grateful for a little, more anxious for the seed, than the country people here in Japan. Why, they give you such a royal welcome that it makes your heart warm for days and weeks, and, at each place you visit, you wish you could stay right on and see the seed grow.

My work in the Shikoku field began October seventh, with a talk at the *Dojō Kwan* (Factory Girls' Home). Another talk was given the next afternoon, at the Girls' School, and, on the next evening, another, at a woman's meeting, held in Miss Judson's rooms. Sunday morning, came a talk to the children at the Komachi Sunday-school. A trip to Gunchu (a half hour's ride on the train) was taken, in the afternoon, for a woman's meeting. It was a rainy, disagreeable day, one of those days when

you wish you need not go out, but the women of that little fishing village made me forget that, and I was glad I went. We returned to Matsuyama for a woman's meeting, in the evening, though there were as many men as women present.

Monday morning I started for Komatsu, some twenty-seven or eight miles from Matsuyama, over the mountains. The rain had stopped, it was a beautiful day, and I had a most enjoyable ride; for the country is beautiful and I have never been about Shikoku before. About 3 p.m. I reached Komatsu. Mr. Agata, the evangelist, met me at the hotel door. The church made me think of the little district school I attended in my childhood, when my father was a home missionary, only I missed the benches. I had a good audience there, as I did everywhere. The next morning was spent in making calls, with short talks at each place. After dinner I started on a five mile ride for Saijo, where Mr. Agata lives. We had a good meeting there. The next morning, instead of making calls, I was called upon, and there I had to sit, curled up on the floor, with almost no chance to move, and *how* my knees did ache! A little after noon, I started for Niihama, some fifteen miles from Saijo and the headquarters of one of the largest, if not the largest, copper mines in Japan. Mr. Agata is the evangelist there also. Just think of it, *one* man trying to work three fields, when there ought to be a man in each place! "The harvest is great," but, as in Christ's time, the laborers are still too few. At Niihama we had a very interesting audience, and I wished I could do more for them. From there, it was a delightful four hours ride, through the Inland Sea, to Imabari. While sitting on deck, an old woman came and asked me if I knew Miss Dudley; she had met her years before, on a steamer, and talked with her, and had been very much impressed with the fact that Miss Dudley had given her her card. At Imabari I met some of my old students of the Dōshisha Girls' School, and others, that I had known for some time. The two days and evenings I spent there were filled with calls and meetings; then came another four hours boat ride to Marugame. Meetings, Sunday morning and evening, a trip to Sakaide and back, on Monday, and a woman's meeting, in the evening, filled up the time here. I do not know how many were present, but the Bible woman said it was the largest woman's meeting they had ever had, and, in a letter since, she said two women had bought Bibles, and were reading them with her. From Marugame we went to Takamatsu in a pouring rain, where, that evening, there was a small but a good meeting. We reached home the next day, October 20, so tired, but so happy. It was only seed sowing. Pray that God may give the increase.

(Miss) Mary E. Wainwright.

Getting Used to Things.

Before coming to Japan I had been told that, as an American, I would live in American fashion; nevertheless it was with a distinct shock—a most delightful one—that I discovered my new home to be of commodious New England structure, with roses and violets blooming in the dooryard, and a croquet-ground near at hand; and when I sat down to a perfectly good American dinner of beefsteak and mushrooms, I could scarcely believe I was not in my own country. That illusion stood, as long as I was unpacking and settling my belongings; but when my wants took me as far as the kitchen, I realized that I was in a strange land. For I was tongue-tied, and that before a cook!

One day the maid brought a package to my room. I was alone in the house, and I inferred that she wished me to see whether it had been delivered to the right address. But alas! there was nothing on it but hieroglyphics, and all I could do was to grin foolishly at her,

and hand it back, to discover later that the parcel had been sent to me, and I had been unable to recognize my own name. However, I am getting used to the sound of the language. I have learned to recognize the form Aunt Gertrude uses, when she introduces me, and when I hear that, I know my name is going to follow, and get all ready to make my bow—I've learned to bow in Japanese, too.

To sit thru a chapel service is rather maddening, when I realize that those queer sounds are giving ideas to every one else, while I sit wooden. They tell me I can look attentive tho, and that is some consolation; and I can come in strong on the hymns, for I have been provided with a *sambika* in *Romaji*, and, as there is no mistaking the pronunciation, I can sing lustily, tho I have not the faintest notion what it is all about. The Roman pronunciation is growing on me. I've seen so many Japanese words, in the *sambika* and on signs, that, the other day, when I saw "sugar," in front of ashop, I had an impulse to separate the syllables and call it "sooga."

Last week I went to meet a coast-steamer. When I reached the wharf, it didn't seem to be in sight; there was no one about, who understood English, and when I was able to get a reply to my question (in Japanese), as to the name of the ship, my spirits soared. The steamer was late—need I say it?—so I sat me down on a rice-bale to wait. Apparently foreign women were rare on that wharf, for every boy and every wharf-hand and every official, who passed, turned and stared. But I didn't mind—I stared back. For I am coming to realize that, in all the proceedings I watch, there is nothing strange. I see people working and playing, laughing at jokes and driving bargains, mothers nursing their babies, children shouting at play—and only *I* am strange. I would rather I were not so, but as I can't avoid it, I am glad that I am coming to feel that these little brown-faced folk are very real people, and that their affairs are vital, and their hearts warm.

(Miss) Rosamond Cozad Bates.

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